The Bystander, August 4, 1915.—No. 609. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER

AUGUST 4, 1915

THE CROWN PRINCE HAS CALLED TO WISH PAPA MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF "THE DAY"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Evenings, at 8.35. Mat., Sat. at 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Little June, Lupino Lane. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

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WAR ANNIVERSARY COMMENTS

1914 BY THE EDITOR 1915

WHY GERMANY HAS NOT WON

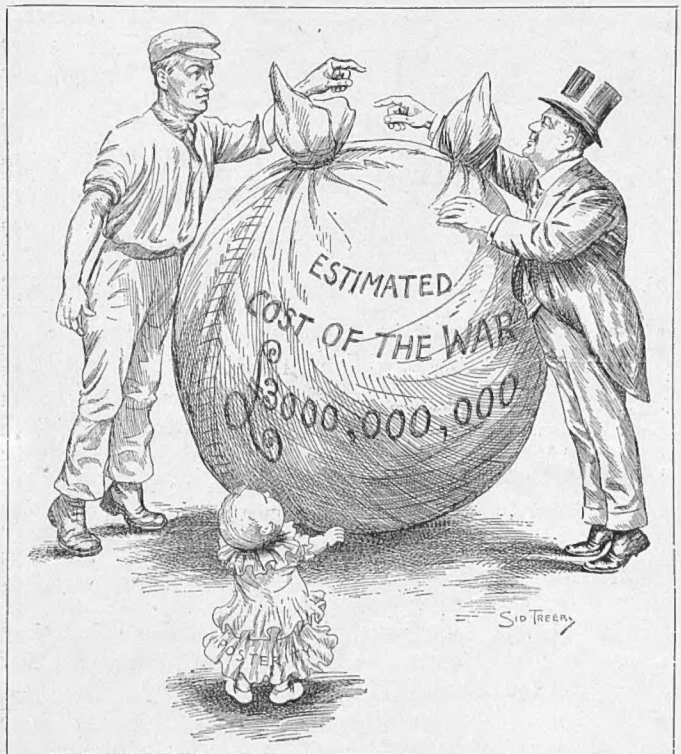
Has the Enemy "Made Good"?

WELL, the Fourth has come and the Germans haven't. True, they are around Warsaw, which is bad. But they aren't in, or around, London; and they are no nearer Paris than they were ten months ago. That, when you come to think of it, is something. In view of the preparations they did make, and the fact that it was their war, chosen at their own time, when we Allies were all engaged in booking our summer holiday quarters, and buying cartridges for shooting birds, you can hardly say, even though you be a Northcliffe, that your friend the enemy has made good on his proposition.

* * *

The Bag and What It Has Cost

You see, it has cost him some six million active Germanic bodies and some thousands of millions of Germanic sovereigns, the loss of his world trade, most of his Colonies, and the "goodwill" of his customers in the world's markets. In exchange, he occupies two countries populated by non-German races, peoples who under no conceivable circumstances can ever be coerced, or cajoled, into settling down under German rule. even if a Peace Treaty ceded them to it.



THE BURDEN OF WAR, WHO SHALL CARRY IT?
LABOUR: "Yours, I think!"
CAPITAL: "Yours, I believe!"
POSTERITY: "Mine, I fear!"

What Really Matters

If you regard the war as having been forced on the world by two of its greatest military Empires, all you can say is that they have enjoyed a stretch of the muscles at the cost of a strain of the heart. The result of a war is not, however, measured, and never has been, by the actual areas of territory occupied by the victorious armies. It is measured by the permanent advantage gained by the victor. And that can only be decided by posterity. It will need us to live another twenty years to pronounce who has won the present war, and the party that is to win it is not necessarily he who is able to claim that he has occupied the enemy's territory. The question is, is he able to keep what he has conquered, and, if he is, will it benefit him to keep it?

* * *

Mistaken Notions

Mr. Norman Angell convinced us all a year or two ago that the mere conquest of one country by another can never benefit the conqueror. One might, for instance, possess oneself of the country village in which one sleeps o' nights in the summer time, or of the town street in which one does so in winter. Unless, however, one also became possessed of the wealth produced by the said village or the said street, its possession is materially valueless. If possession of the village or the street not only does not enrich one by a pennypiece, but, as a result of the use of violence and cruelty, exposes one to assassination whenever one walks abroad, or to fire or explosion whenever one stays indoors, and if in the conquest of it one has been practically ruined in health, mind, purse and reputation, I reckon the whole acquisition will prove to have been a mighty big mistake.

* * *

Cui Bono?

If Germany, as a result of "winning" this war, stuck to Belgium and Poland, how much the better in any material sense would she be? The German Government cannot possess itself of the wealth of the Belgian and Polish people unless it institute slavery, which it doesn't propose to do, and couldn't if it did. It can only tax them; and as conquest has already reduced their taxable capacity practically to nothing, the Germans gain nothing.

* * *

Antwerp vice Hamburg

Antwerp? Well, suppose they did annex that port, and were able to use it for German ships. There is only a certain amount of possible German export

(*Continued on page 148*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 147)

trade, and if Antwerp gets enough of it to be worth while, it can only be at the expense of poor old Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, etc., just as the transfer of some of the American lines to Southampton a year or two ago was at the expense of Liverpool.

***

Poland a White Elephant

As to Poland, it is really rather ludicrous to think that the addition of ten million Russian Poles to the German Empire will be any kind of strength to that Empire. On the contrary, it will be a source of weakness. These ruined Poles will expect to have votes in the Reichstag, and every Polish vote will be an anti-Prussian one. Suppose as a result of this war *we* had annexed, say, Rhenish Westphalia. Would anybody consider that to be a gain to England? How much the better off would we be if in addition to possessing a fairly hostile Irish vote at Westminster, we had a wholly rebellious Rhenish one—agin' the Government all the time?

***

Something to Barter With

But the Germans are *not* fools. Really they aren't. Outside insane Jingo circles, there must be very few Germans who regard with any special satisfaction the mere forcible annexation of French and Polish-speaking communities with hatred in their hearts and nothing in their pockets. What is probable is that the Germans propose only to hold Belgium and Poland as blackmail against concessions of a more valuable kind which they hope to wring out of the Allies at the Conference.

***

Hardly our Affair

If Germany stopped the war with the conquest of Warsaw she would probably present a bill of claim for Colonies. What we should reply to the claim—supposing by evil chance we were compelled to listen to it—is not for me to say. But as Britain has already all the Colonies she wants, I rather imagine our statesmen would shrug their shoulders. Provided the Germans did not propose to take any territories that were ours we might tell them to go and worry. It would not be for us to say whether they should possess themselves of the Belgian Congo—at a price—or buy from Portugal or Holland any odd stretches of tropical swamp or volcanic island that might be in the market. As for Asia Minor, there, again, it is really no particular affair of ours. We had, before the war, signed away any objections we formerly had to the Bagdad Railway. The main point from the British view is that the war has not resulted in any territorial loss to ourselves—not even of Egypt, for which the Turco-Huns tried so very hard.

***

The Invasion Risk

When war first broke out I was one of those who, in these columns, tried to prepare my fellow-countrymen for the *possible* invasion of these isles. In those days one could not be absolutely sure that our Navy would prove what it has proved. Our army, in those days, was a very small one, mostly mortgaged to France. There were risks with a vengeance. But the year has passed: the Navy still holds the seas, and we have forces in this country well prepared to give a great deal of trouble to any invader, and well-informed as to his military methods by practical experience.

CAPTAIN GUEST, M.P.

A.D.C. to Sir John French, and a member of the late Government, who in the House of Commons last week warned members that the most important subject for consideration was the possibility of adopting compulsory military service. A resolve to have compulsory service would, he said, "discourage our opponents, exercise a steadying effect upon neutrals, and act upon our Allies as an instantaneous encouragement"

***

If It Comes—

One does not seriously fear an invasion nowadays. Suppose, however, the unexpected happened, and the further continuance of the war brought a German Army safely on to our shores. The first fear we all have is that our towns and villages would be subjected to the same frightfulnesses as those of Belgium. But the Belgian atrocities were committed by the German first-line troops, in the first spasms of blood-lust. The new German armies, like our own, are drawn from a civilian class, and really the German civilian is not altogether different in his general characteristics from the British. It is possible that atrocities might *not* be perpetrated on the natives of Kent, Suffolk, or Essex. But to anticipate them, our civilian populations would probably be well controlled by the authorities, non-combatants being moved away from the fighting areas. The German advance on London would resemble the "advances" on Warsaw, and Paris, and Calais—an interminable trench war.

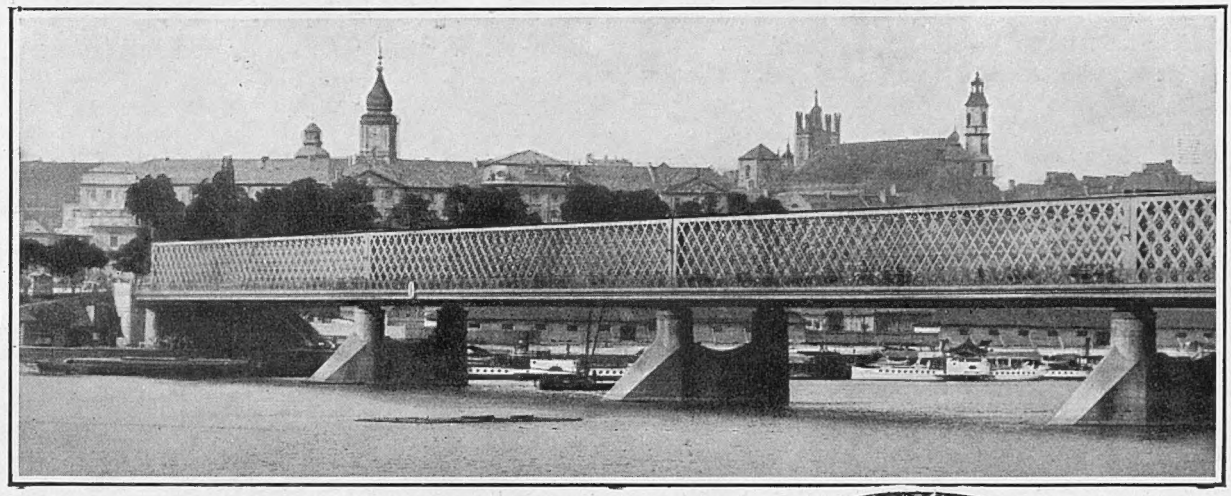
***

—What Then?

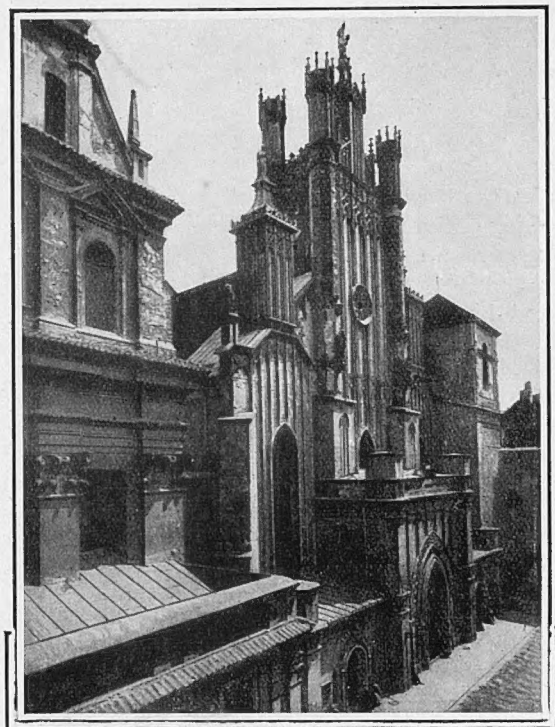
If, in due course, they took London, what then? A German Government would be installed? A tall order, methinks. To keep that German Government in authority the Germans would need an occupying force of at least four millions of men. With enemies on all her frontiers at home that would be a dangerous denudation of force. To keep in subjection a hostile population of forty-five millions would be a

(*Continued on page 150*)

WARSAW—August 1915



ONE OF THE TWO IRON BRIDGES OVER THE VISTULA
They connect the town with the suburb of Fraga



OPERA HOUSE AND THE STATUE OF COPERNICUS
The founder of modern astronomy was born in 1473 at Thorn, in East Prussia, then a part of Poland

THE CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN
The most notable of Warsaw's many churches

THE CHURCH OF ST. ANNE
There are over one hundred Catholic churches in Warsaw

The capital of Poland, whose occupation by the Germans was "dated" for August 1st, 1915. For nearly twelve months the Russian armies have defended it against successive attacks

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued from page 148)

big task for the War Lord, and I don't think he'd try it. What he would probably content himself with asking would be an indemnity, the cession of our Colonies and of our Fleet. The Colonies and the indemnity he might be able to get—*if* he compelled us to surrender—but as to the Fleet, if we remained possessed of a Fleet to cede William's hosts wouldn't be here to ask for it. Because you see, that Fleet would cut off William's invading force from its bases, and leave it dependent for its supplies and munitions on a population of forty-five hostile millions, four at least of which would be still fighting like blazes.

***

The Question of Supplies

Though the invader might be able to commandeer food from the East Anglians, he certainly wouldn't be able to get munitions, or coal, or oil. For the invaded areas of England, unlike those of France, Belgium, and Poland, would not be industrial and mining, but purely agricultural districts. Happily for us, production of *matériel* would be entirely in our hands, unless he invaded us *viâ* Yorkshire or Northumbria, in which case he would be a long, long way from London and the Peace Treaty.

***

Why We Have Not Lost

The idea that the Germans have only to set foot on British soil for us immediately to capitulate is as nonsensical as the idea that we should do so out of the fear of Zeps and submarines. It is, perhaps, looking a long way ahead, but it would be very satisfying to Britons to know that the actual possibilities of invasion were being exhaustively rehearsed by our authorities. If they are, and it is their solemn conclusion that a German invasion is either impossible or doomed to disaster, then we ought really not to be quite so miserable and out of sorts with ourselves. For, after all, we are fighting partly for our own country, and if we can't be beaten on our own ground, we can hardly say that we have lost the war, however ill may be the fortune of the gallant Allies whom we have done our best to help. But as things look at present, their fortune is not going to be ill but the reverse, even though Russia may be temporarily hard pressed.

***

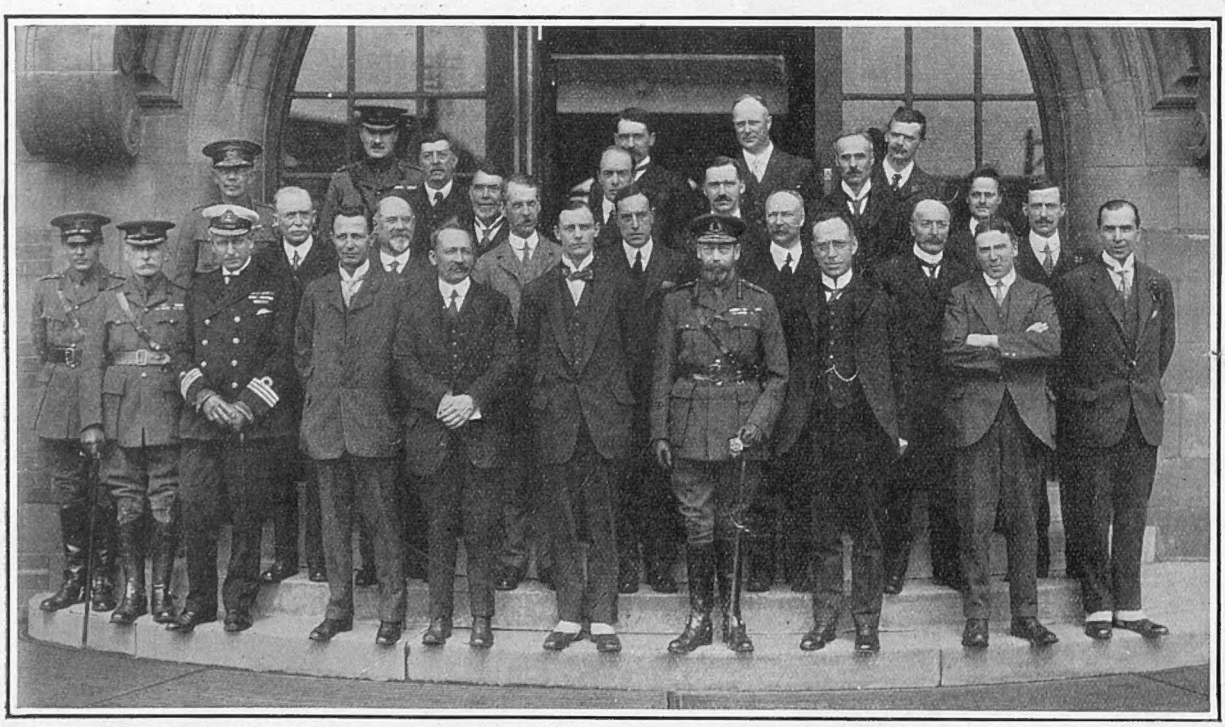
A Snub for the Press Lord

Parliament is up, then, after all, for its six weeks, and the mass of people rather like it thus. It is generally believed that the best way of earning the £8 per week is by *not* sitting in a House in which free speech is forbidden or shouted down. The object of the Carmelites in trying, with the aid of one—or was it two?—real live M.P.'s, to dock a fortnight off the "grouse" season was frustrated, and the country was given another pleasing demonstration of the utter futility of the efforts of the Press Lord to manipulate the national policy.

***

His Little Failing

The trouble about the Press Lord as a politician—we know him as a journalist—is his lack of principle, of consistency, and of tactics. Nobody can be got even to suspect that he is ever out for anything else in the ultimate end than a boom for his papers. As a tactician he blunders piteously, invariably contriving to offend those who might sometimes support him by the odious vulgarity of his methods. Almost anybody else could have got votes for the short adjournment motion, but because it was *his* motion, no M.P. would be seen dead in the same Lobby with it. Lastly, he lacks the supreme tactical gift of knowing when he has gone far enough. The Press Lord's premises are strewn with dead political horses, yet he will persist in flogging them daily.



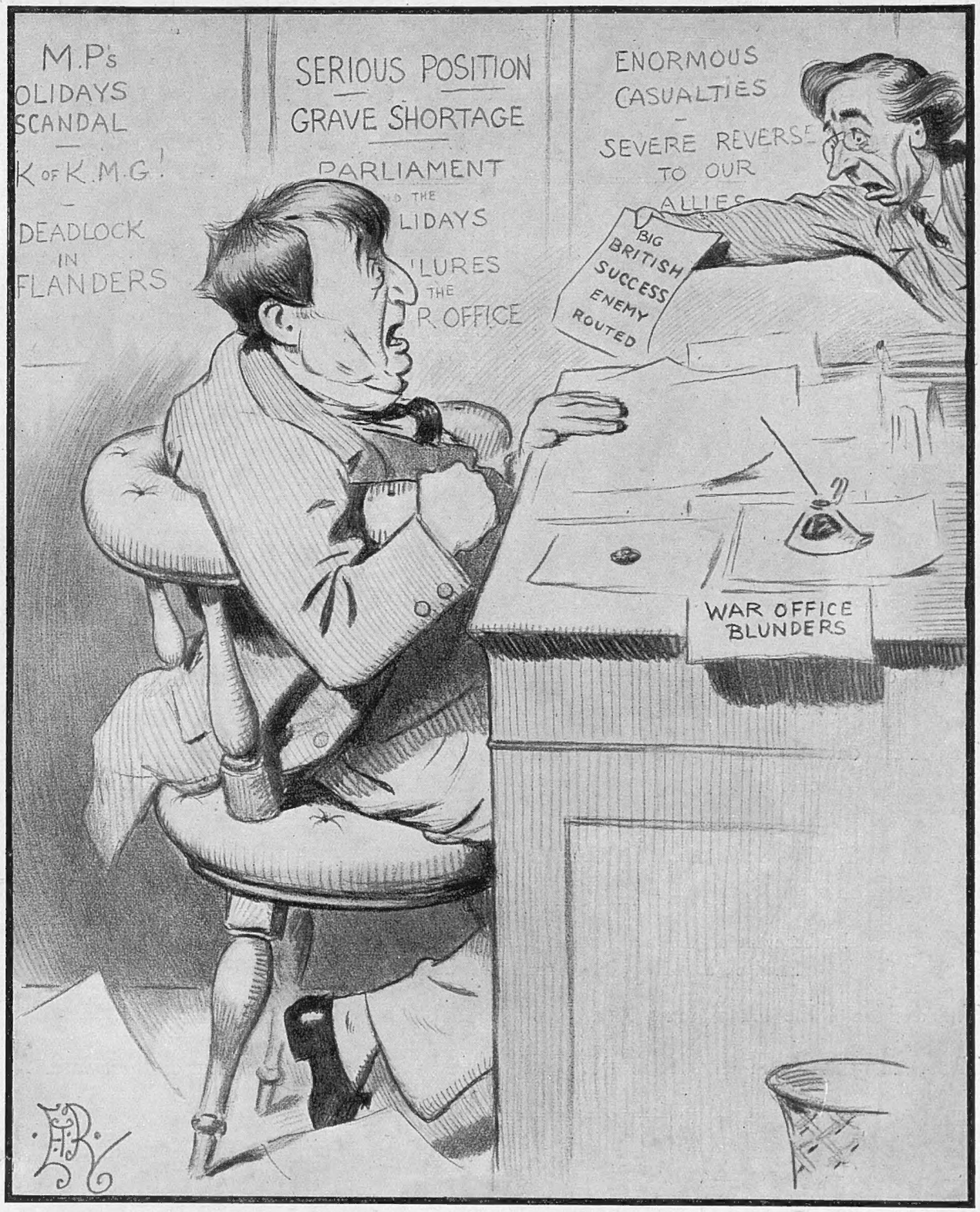
Photograph *Whitlock*

ROYAL INTEREST IN MUNITIONS-MAKING: THE KING AT KYNOCH'S

Left to right (Front Row): Captain Browning, Lord Stamfordham, Sir Charles Cust, J. S. Nettlefold, A. Eddison, Arthur Chamberlain, THE KING, A. T. Cocking, P. Frank, and A. D. Hope. Second Row: D. Mackie, J. Clarke, A. E. Lowett, W. Morris, T. J. Greensill, R. Fryer, and J. Bowen. Third Row: Major-General Sir E. P. Girouard, D. Taylor, G. Blood, R. B. Fenby, and H. Robinson. Back Row: Colonel Wigram, E. Barton, H. Iles, J. E. Greensill, and T. Wyatt

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

The "Pressimists"



TERRIBLE SCENE IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF ONE OF OUR DISMAL CONTEMPORARIES

EDITOR (collapsing): "Wha-a-t?!! GOOD news?!!! Heavens, man! what on earth shall we do?!!!"

Much Cry, Little Wool

After expending some fifty thousand pounds in advertising and immeasurable quantities of breath on oratory, the Munitions Ministry has secured, according to Mr. George, 100,000 men, of whom *less than one-fifth* are eligible for service. The vast majority were already engaged on work from which they could not be taken without damage to the nation. The Munitions Ministry was welcomed as the first instalment of "Business" Government. I hope Mr. Bottomley is satisfied.

Our Military Expert

The promised article by Major Redway on Calais has, we regret to say, been so hacked about by the Censor as to be valueless for publication.

* * *

In War-Time, Too!

The Directors of the *Graphic, Daily Graphic,* and THE BYSTANDER are recommending to the shareholders the payment of a dividend of 12½ per cent. per annum, *i.e.*, the same as last year, after applying £3,344 to the depreciation of investments. The carry-forward is £6,180 against £6,041 last year.

HOW WILL THE WAR END?

This question is on every lip.
We invite you to give your answer to it upon paper.

Presented with our next Issue, August 11th, will be a

WAR FORECAST MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

Prize of £50

In the event of more than one forecast being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office.

The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

In the event of the best forecast being that of a soldier or sailor subsequently killed on active service, the prize will be awarded to the next-of kin.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

The winning map and entry form will be reproduced with the announcement of the award.

See Next Week's Issue for
MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

Order One Copy for Yourself and as many more as you like for your Friends at the Front from your Newsagent or from
THE PUBLISHER OF "THE BYSTANDER," TALLIS HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY CAUSERIE ON SOCIAL LIFE AT HOME

"As for their clothes—well, the blue and gold seem to manage to make the mere female heart 'palp' some, anyway"

LONDON. *August 2*, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

ONLY a year ago this week since we went to war—it seems, oh, centuries! And yet I think, even more than usual, perhaps, time's flown. In conditions not a single one of us had ever before even dreamt of, we've lived life these last twelve months in one wild whirl of simply terrific excitement and expectancy.

* * *

Such excitement and expectancy that even the backwoodsmen have come out of their lairs, while as for the backwoodswomen—they've not only been positively shamed into knowing about the real things that are really happening outside their little huts, they've even, some of them, *done* things themselves.

* * *

"You know, we shall feel quite *dull* when it's all over!" someone said to me the other day. And, really, I believe we shall, though to *have* it over is all we want—most of us. Not the munition-makers, I suppose, who, being human like the rest of us, are naturally keen on making their bit while they can. Only—well, in a properly constituted world where the business of killing each other wasn't fashionable they simply wouldn't exist, would they?

* * *

A very dreadful year, but, all the same, an epic one, don't you think so? And something to have lived through. Kings and Governments have gone their accustomed devious ways, but men, just mere plain ordinary men, for "the sake of a magic name," have done such splendid deeds and died such glorious deaths and endured such awful pains that Homer's heroes simply aren't in it.

"They don't want ugly or very badly wounded ones to make pets of, or call 'Boy-Boy'"

* * *

And I don't mind telling you, cousin, that we women here are just consumed and eaten up with pride and joy in our sailor and soldier men. And at the same time we're fairly burning with a very different sort of feeling about politicians and their kind. I don't think many of us are exactly putting on flesh by letting our emotions run to seed, anyway.

* * *

I'm not *quite* sure, by the way, that I *quite* agree with Miss Christabel Pankhurst as to woman's help in the war being "enough to make the difference between defeat and victory." Unless you count giving their sons to their country. But that's such a *fearfully* complicated subject, isn't it, who does most for the State, the man who dies for it or the woman who bears sons to die for it?

* * *

Anyway, it's a great achievement for us, I do think—getting "recognised," and I expect after the war we'll all just be given a vote and things without having to bother even to ask for it. Another war miracle! I could fill this letter with them. And think of the way people have given to charity alone.

* * *

Talking of the East, I've had a letter from someone who calls himself "Asiatic Algy" from on board H.M.S. "X.Y.Z." (it passed the Censor all right) in the Dardanelles, saying that they're always seeing pictures in THE BYSTANDER of pretty girls having tea under sunshades with khaki, but—well, what's the matter with navy blue? At least, he says, they'd act as admirable foils, and he quotes a sweet young

(*Continued on page 154*)

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 153)

thing who said to him at the last review (some 4,000 years ago), "I just *adore* sailors, they are always so ugly, and they never know how to dress."

* * *

I'm *so* sorry—about their getting left out, I mean. Suppose it's because we're always *thinking* about the dear things so much that we don't always write about them or draw the stout lads' pictures either. *I* don't think sailor-men are *ever* ugly, do you? If they are their abysmal and amazing assurance always carries it off somehow. And as for their clothes—well, the blue and gold seem to manage to make the mere female heart palp "some," anyway, even if it's not worn quite so nuttily as the khaki.

* * *

"Algy" says he thinks the great Beelzebub must have held Court down where he is, from the number of his subjects present, or, anyway, got a life interest in the place—"he was the god of flies, wasn't he, or was it Bathsheba, I never remember?" His very scrawly fist, he says, is the result of being all of a twitter after a furious engagement with a particularly fierce fly on the subject of who should have his ration of corned beef when he'd disinterred it from the dole of Gallipoli Peninsula which always accompanies it. "I won at last," he says, "after severe casualties, helped by two Maltese domestics, and found the brute had secreted it behind his left ear."

* * *

Poor darlings! And they never, never, never (or hardly ever) grouse, not even the men doing the land job, which is simply—awful. One just simply can't talk about it. I believe they've partly got over the difficulty now, but at first, owing to every spring and well having been poisoned by the Turks, the soldiers had only distilled sea water to drink—and only half a pint a day at that. In that appalling heat, that won't bear talking about, either, not by us here comfortably at home, anyway.

* * *

"Another enemy alien I know of has just been called to serve on a jury"

And not only the living, but the fighting's pretty hellish (yes, I know, that isn't a nice word, but it isn't a nice subject). There's a tale which hasn't got into the papers (so little worth reading does) of how our men—Fusiliers, I believe, this lot were—in an attack had to climb a steep cliff "like bally monkeys" while the treacherous Turk potted them from above and they fell back dead and wounded down on their ascending comrades.

* * *

Far ahead their Colonel was leading them—when you're charging the gates of hell even brave men like ours need a leader braver still. He climbed further and further, shouting and cheering on his men, and suddenly he was surrounded by Turks. In an instant he whipped out his pistol and shot himself through the head—there are some enemies even a soldier won't be killed by if he can help it.

* * *

The new poison gas, I suppose, is the next horror on the list. They say its effects are absolutely deadly, and I believe prussic acid's its chief ingredient. By the way, just as a relief from war's realities, here's one of the latest little Red Cross storyettes from Le Touquet.

* * *

"Why are your patients all so awfully plain?" a visitor to the Canadian hospital there asked the C.O. "They are rather, aren't they?" he replied. "Well, you see, it's like this. The ambulance cars all pass the Duchess of Blankminster's hospital first, and they have first pick. And, of course, they don't want ugly or very badly wounded ones to make pets of and call 'Boy-Boy'!"

* * *

Think I told you, didn't I, that at last they were going to round up the *rich* aliens, and last week they did it, or, at least, began trying to. One was actually a Baron. . . . Think of it! We *are* getting democratic and Socialistic and all the rest of it, aren't we, when the authorities presume to incommode even a German with a *title?*

* * *

But there are still plenty at large. I know a man who's got whole housefuls of them each side of him. And one, who's a Hebrew into the bargain, is immune from all molestation because of his vast financial interests. As a very high political lady puts it, "He's worth £10,000 a year at least to me in useful little tips!"

* * *

Another enemy alien I know of has just been called to serve on a jury. Not wishing to spare the time from his still flourishing business, he applied to a doctor for a certificate to say he wasn't well enough. The doctor, astonished at the idea of an alien enemy being turned on to sit in judgment on Britons, took the trouble to go to the jury office to ask if the thing was really possible.

* * *

But there, naturally, being a mere British subject interfering with high official matters wot didn't as a mere taxpayer concern him, he was very coldly received, and told that the man's name was on the Register, and so, war or no war, he'd have to serve. As the inimitable and alluring "Quinney" says at the Haymarket, "*That* tears it!" doesn't it?

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Someone, Somewhere in Belgium

Photograph *Henri Manuel*

H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

Somewhere in the small strip of territory that still remains to the Belgians King Albert and his devoted Consort still dwell among their people, steadfast and undaunted. Queen Elizabeth recently attained her thirty-ninth birthday, and we may hope that by the time her next birthday comes round the invader will have been expelled from her country

"J'Accuse!"

A FRIGHTFUL "STRAFEING" OF THE GERMANS BY ONE OF THEMSELVES

WHEN I read *J'Accuse*, by A German (Hodder and Stoughton: 5*s.* net), I read it with unusual care, and I hereby certify it to be genuinely German. It marshals the case against the German Government with the four-square thoroughness of a Mackensen. Bethmann Hollweg, Jagow, the Prussian Junkers, the Crown Prince, Austria, are first bombarded by siege guns, then driven back, and back, and back, then outflanked and cut off, and then butchered in a shambles of denunciation. At the end of the book Prussian statesmanship stinks as things can only stink after a Prussian has been at them.

No English or French writer could have made such a vile mess of Junkerdom as is made of it by this Junker. Had an Englishman been writing-up this same book, on the basis of those same facts—which are mostly the published diplomatic documents—he would now and again have tried to get in a kind word for the enemy. He would have tried occasionally to believe that Bethmann Hollweg was a fool rather than a knave, and would have pictured that perhaps Jagow was kind to his horses; or the Crown Prince to his children. He might have even tried to discover slight justifications for the German policy, and have—here and there—whacked in a criticism of our own Liberal Ministers. But there is no quarter given to the Germans when they get a *German* critic up against them.

The author of *J'Accuse* won't leave a whole bone in any of their foul bodies. He gives them hell, hell, hell, all the way through. He proves their villainy by citing them against themselves, by condemning them out of their own mouths. At no single point will he admit that the Allies—any single one of them—committed even so much as a mistake, let alone a crime. In no British book on the war have I read such a complete vindication of Grey as is written by this German. Our Foreign Secretary appears a veritable saint out of heaven in the passionate persistence with which he tried for peace. Russia, France, Belgium, all receive their meed of praise. The blame is all Austria's and all Germany's: even Austria is partly excused, inasmuch as she did appear to try to save the situation at the last moment. But Germany gets no quarter.

So thoroughly is the work done that, at first, it crossed my mind that the book might have been written to order. The writer is an obvious scholar. Latinity and poetic quotations from all languages, literary similes, etc., abound. He has a rich mind, combined with—I should say—a rich purse, for he writes of finance as one who knows. It has been given out that he is "some" German, and in his epilogue he writes of his motive in writing as solely the good of his beloved Fatherland, which he would free from the cursed obsession that has brought it whither it is. One asks "What German?" For a *hochwhölgeboren* to write down his country to the nethermost depths is an astounding episode. Read, some day, by his fellow-countrymen, it cannot fail of its effect.

From time to time, one has read in the papers titbits of German opinion similar to much that appears in this book. One has also read that there exist against the German Government not only the Social Democrats, but a strange league called the New Fatherland, which is conducted by Prussian aristocrats. One has heard it said that a very prominent German statesman is all out with the men at present in power, and that part of the inspired German Press is in revolt against the militarists. Can it be that this book comes from some such source? If so, at the end of the war, we may look for amazing things to happen in Germany. No *furor teutonicus* against ourselves is likely to excel that which a knowledge of the truth will arouse against the guilty Teutons. And what a sweeping of the Augean stables there will then be!

Do those in England who talk so glibly of crushing Prussian militarism realise that the real crushers will be the Germans themselves when they know the truth: and that they will only know the truth after the restoration of peace, when they are free to travel to countries where they will be able to read and to hear it? Do they understand that the continuance of the war indefinitely only postpones the day when Europe shall be rid of its devil through its ejection by the Germans themselves from their own bodies? C.

CAPTAIN W. GORDON BARNES, A.V.C.T.

With his four sons, all of whom are in the Service. From South Africa, whence he was sent home with despatches, Captain Barnes has now gone to the front and is with the Lahore Division

Next August?

WHAT TO DO WITH WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AFTER THE WAR—WHEN HIS SUBJECTS HAVE DISCOVERED THE TRUTH

The German-American Spy

BY THE BYSTANDER IN NEW YORK

IT is already well enough known this side the Atlantic that the German spy has his place in the heterogeny that is America. But because the Great Republic is nominally neutral he has there various characteristics lacking to his colleagues in the belligerent countries. For one thing, he is not at all retiring. Almost every one with any social pretensions in Washington or New York numbers at least one German spy among his or her intimates, at all times perfectly ready to explain his methods at length—for the subsequent benefit of dinner-parties. And when he is not relating his exploits by word of mouth he is writing about them. Indeed, there are few *métiers* more popular just now in journalistic New York than that of spy autobiographer. The offices of the great New York dailies are absolutely besieged by them, to such a degree, indeed, that they have entirely queered their own pitch, and that editor must be very hard up for copy who would to-day print one of their narratives, even were he paid.

Quite apart from your journalistic spy, the average American is as sure in his own mind—perhaps after a long course of such narratives—that his country is overrun with German spies, as is Mr. William Le Queux himself, and takes as lively a pleasure in declaring his belief. The cypher cable message, the concealed wireless, even the mysterious signal flashed skywards from somebody's third-floor window, are all as familiar in New York as in London. So are the treacherous barber, who divines Cabinet Ministers' innermost thoughts while he shaves them, and the still more treacherous waiter who takes shorthand notes of the State secrets which Temporary Second-Lieutenants notoriously confide to each other in public.

All this is, of course, the outward and visible sign of the inward resentment felt by the average "white" American that he and his country are for the time being entirely left out of things. If he cannot have a war of his own—and it is, of course, true that public opinion is almost unanimously against entering the present conflict—some of its excitement he must have, even at secondhand. If he have no invasion to fear, at least let him pretend its possibility and all its concomitants with the utmost force of his imagination. In the real and actual spies, which, no doubt, do exist in America as elsewhere, he is not at all interested, preferring the infernal-romantic figure of cheap literature and the "movies."

RECRUITER ROOSEVELT (*to dubious looking gentleman of the name of Wilson*): "Now, young fellow! Don't you think it's about time you took *your* place in the fighting line?"

It is scarcely too much to say that he refuses his belief in really dangerous spies for a pessimistic reason put to me by a patriotic American a week or two since. "What has a spy got to find out over here?" he asked. "The Kaiser knows as well we we do that our effective army is 30,000 men and that our fleet couldn't fight a general action for half an hour, because it hasn't enough ammunition."

But if the Germans find little to interest them in the humble military equipment of the United States, they have very definitely set themselves to work to hinder the manufacture of munitions for the Allies. They find this the easier because of the enormous German population, at least a percentage whereof—though less than might be expected—sympathise with their aim. The strike has hitherto been their favourite weapon, because simplest, and requiring but a small staff of workers. It must be remembered that the average working-man in America is not an American at all, but one of the swarm of illiterate immigrants from South-Eastern Europe, whose increasing numbers have long been a peril to the country's future. Ignorant though they be, they are none the less discontented, and for a very small payment agitators of their own race can be found by the hundred to start trouble wherever or whenever required. All that Dr. Dernburg, or Mr. Mayer, his successor, need is to draw the cheque—and let things rip.

We hear much of even more strenuous methods of "frightfulness"—the actual blowing-up of factories and the like. That such have taken place is true enough, but I do not think that they have been arranged—certainly not directly—from German headquarters. There are always a supply of lunatics—like the man who attacked Mr. Pierpont Morgan—who in times like the present may be trusted to attempt deeds of violence on their own initiative. There would be too much risk of blackmail or discovery were such men actually incited to such deeds. Very much better and quite as effective, with scarcely any risk of being found out, is it to work through the strike agitator, who himself need never know whence his subsidies come. And although Germany has an abounding contempt for the Americans, their army and navy, she has no desire to quarrel with them and thus bring their wealth into the balance against her.

O. M. H.

Arms and the Man

A SUGGESTION FOR PATRIOTIC GIRLS WHO WISH TO SHOW THEIR SYMPATHY WITH THE WOUNDED IN A PRACTICAL WAY

"Somewhere in Flanders"

BY A BYSTANDER ON ACTIVE SERVICE

My Dear Bystander—

On the next occasion upon which a kindly Providence deems fit to allow me a week's leave on the other side of the Channel my very first action will be to make a bee line from Victoria to the Charing Cross Road, where I shall pass a profitable half hour searching the secondhand bookshops for a useful little manual entitled "Every Man His Own Orator," or "Fluent Speech and How To Attain It." This resolution has been forced upon me by the fact that my duties here bring me into daily contact with our French Allies, and every day makes it more difficult to explain to them the great wisdom that underlies every action taken by the British Government. And they are so anxious to understand. I want to cultivate a few glib sententious phrases that will slip easily off the tongue in place of the faltering and unconvincing apologies I habitually come out with which make them entertain grave doubts as to my sanity. The trouble is that the *modus operandi* of British Parliamentarians is utterly unintelligible to the Gallic intellect. Frenchmen are completely baffled by it. They admit it frankly. But very politely.

* * *

In their ignorance they simply cannot understand how it is, for instance, that a country which is engaged in a life and death struggle for its existence should have ever permitted its coal miners to go on strike, and having once permitted it should mildly suffer those strikers to offer it open defiance. To them it is inconceivable. They are awfully thick-headed about it. That is why, when the conversation works round to England and her Government, I want to be able to roll out a few of those jolly little gaseosities as refreshing to the system as a fortnight at the seaside. I want to be able to strike an attitude, and exclaim: "*Mon Capitaine*, you ask me this, that, and the other, etc., etc. *Bon*. Let me assure you then, *mon cher Capitaine*, that the action taken by the Government is, has been, and always will be, amply adequate to meet any situation that arises, has arisen, or ever shall arise, and those measures and actions shall hasten the glorious day when the sword shall be finally sheathed with a rattle in the scabbard and Prussian tyranny shall finally and for evermore be beneath the heel of the avenging Allies." (*Sensation.*)

* * *

What I actually do say is: "Er—well, you see it's like this, *mon Capitaine*. The difficulties are far greater than appear at first sight. You must—er—understand the temper of the people. The liberty of the subject is—er—sacred. You see—er——. How's your father? All right?" Or, at other times, I wag my head mysteriously and make dark allusions to a piece of superhuman statesmanship that is in the hatching. Something that will make you gasp with admiration when you hear it. This used to make a wonderful impression at one time, but now they seem to have given up getting ready to gasp.

* * *

I have just had an interesting little talk with a French officer who has returned from a few days *congé* spent in England. He was very anxious to know if a recruiting poster he saw on a railway station platform was offered with a serious purpose or just—as he put it—a little *plaisanterie* perhaps? He said the picture he saw represented a number of hats and caps reposing on a table. There was a tall hat, a bowler hat, a cloth cap, a soft green hat, and in the middle of them all a khaki cap. Underneath was written these thrilling words: "Which of these caps fits you best?" I assured him that the poster was an awfully serious one. He seemed relieved at my explanation, and added that he thought that the misguided person who had scribbled under the picture of the soft green hat "This is the most comfortable one to wear in summer" should be severely dealt with.

* * *

He said he spent a couple of days at M——, on the Thames. The weather was very bad, and he felt sorry for the young men in punts on the river. It must have been awfully cold in flannels. He said he enjoyed himself infinitely more in London with its theatres, restaurants, music, and amid an atmosphere of general cheeriness than he would have done in Paris, a city of the dead at nine o'clock at night.

* * *

He was much impressed to see that the Englishwoman has come into her own at last. His ticket was clipped by a woman on Paddington Station. A woman took his hat and stick from him at a theatre cloak-room. He drove up to a restaurant in the West End in a drizzling rain, and nearly fell over on his face on the pavement when a handsome woman who was standing by the kerb hastened to open the door of his taxi and protect him from the elements with a huge umbrella. He said the lady seemed quite astonished when he seized hold of the umbrella with an entreaty of "*Permettez-moi, Mademoiselle, je vous en prie*," and escorted her to the hotel entrance. He also stayed at an hotel where the lifts were worked by women. And he told me that on one occasion the lift got stuck between the sixth and seventh floor. He was the only passenger in the lift. She had liquid blue eyes, lips of ruby red, and was subject to tittering. He was a dashing young officer in China blue breeches and the cutest little black moustache you ever saw. . . . As he said himself, "*Que voulez-vous donc? Nous sommes Alliés.*"

Yours ever,
Jack Johnson

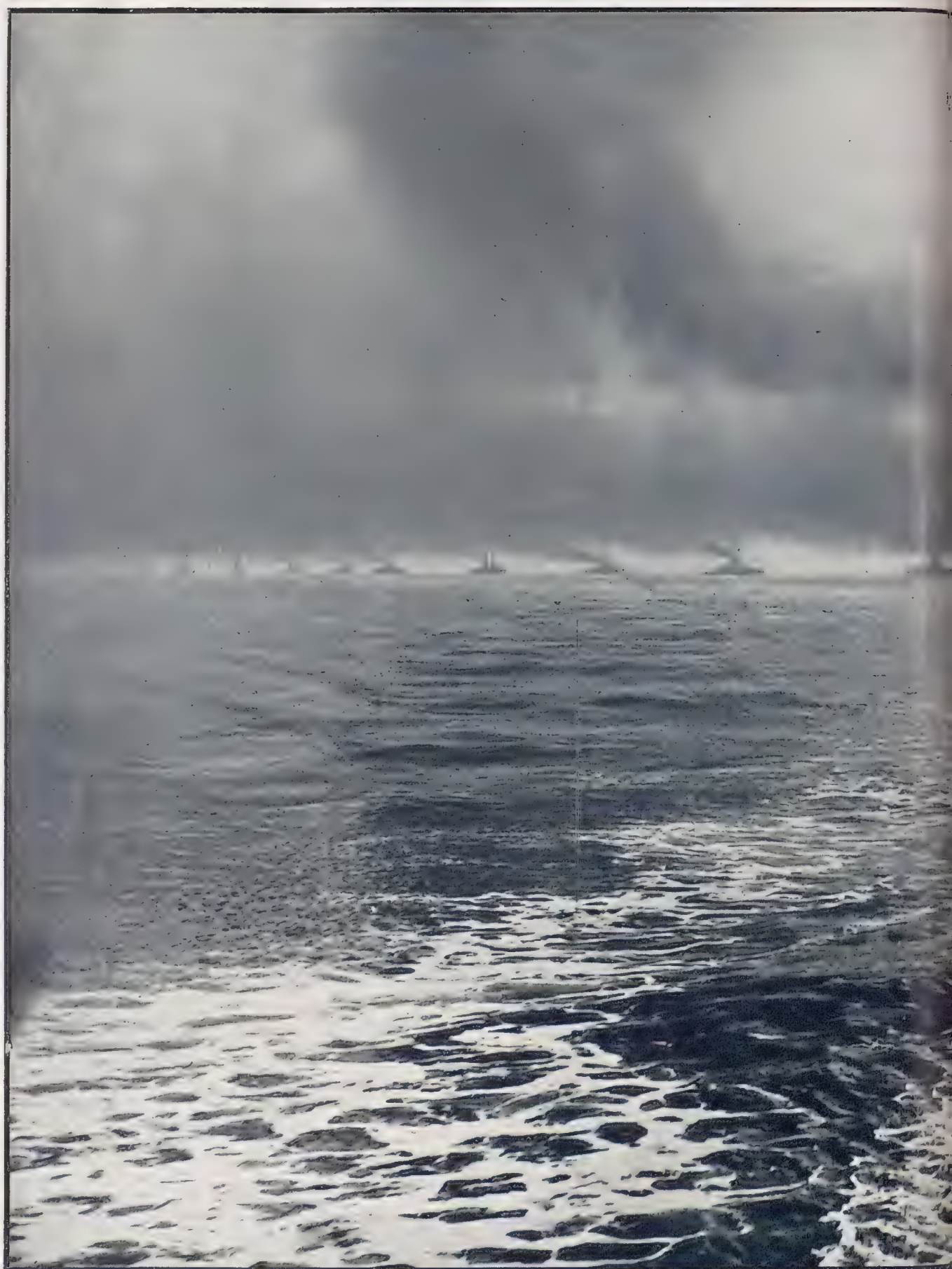
The Artistic Touch

A STORY FROM THE FRONT

TOMMY: "One of them Ghurkas cut off a German's 'ead so clean 'e never felt it. 'Ye've missed me,' ses the German. 'Oh! 'ave I' ses the Ghurka—'jest you try an' shake it?'"

This Time Last Year! The

THROUGH WHICH BRITAIN WAS ABLE TO FRUST



THE BRITISH FLEET STEAMING OUT TO SEA ON THE EVE OF THE DECI

It has often been asked what Britain has done for the cause of the Allies, and it is not too often answered as it should be. The above picture supplies the best answer. By mobilising our entire Fleet, we were able to keep complete command of the sea, as a result of which we were able, within three weeks of war, to land the Expeditionary Force which helped to save Paris, and ever after to keep open the seas. Not only has sea power enabled us to maintain at ten times its original strength an army on the Continent; it has also enabled the Allies to import supplies of men and material from all parts of the world, and to prevent the entry of the same supplies into the

e Supreme Act of Foresight

ATE THE GERMAN BID FOR WORLD DOMINATION

RATION OF WAR, AUGUST 1914, WHERE IT HAS HELD SWAY EVER SINCE

hostile Empires, with the result that they are now at the economic breaking-point. The Navy has, also, been able to mitigate the submarine peril by innumerable acts of daring and ingenuity, and to sweep the seas clear of German above-water craft of all kinds. It has enabled the conquest of the German Colonies and the cutting off of German communications with the outer world. Sooner or later, sea-power must decide the war in the Allies' favour. For this reason alone, therefore, Britons have the right to claim that they have done their share in the common task. (Inset is Admiral Jellicoe)

Rival Naval Resources—II.

BY FRED T. JANE

IN continuation of my last week's article it now remains to consider the provision of crews and motive power.

To take the latter first: here Germany's resources are without limit so far as practical purposes are concerned. The Diesel heavy oil engine was born in Germany, and any number of firms construct it or variants of it. In times of peace these engines were exported for use in the ever-growing number of motor ships elsewhere. There were competitors elsewhere, but roughly speaking heavy oil motors were more or less a German monopoly.

The export trade of these machines being killed by the war, the whole of the plant and machinery is at the disposal of the German Admiralty. So here Germany scores, and scores heavily.

In aerial motors Germany was only just beginning to do an export trade. *Pace* our patriotism about the "all-British machine," the best aerial motors ever turned out were the Austro-Daimlers (fortunately building in this country under license), the Mercedes, and the Benz. Generally speaking, however, there was no German export trade in these, so no unexpected increment from the stoppage of export trade can occur.

The same thing applies to aeroplanes and dirigibles. The export trade in these was comparatively nil. When Germany had a good thing she allowed it to be built abroad "under license." She can increase her capacity, of course, by robbing Peter to pay Paul; but she has practically no output which otherwise would have been exported to fall back upon. She may build twenty extra Zeppelins; but she will build them at her own cost, and by using mechanics who might otherwise be used in other ways. This point is important.

We now come to men. Well here, roughly, the German idea is that if a man is good enough to be a soldier he is equally good enough to be a sailor. The Germans don't believe that in these days the sailor needs to be of a special breed.

To the old type naval officer this theory is anathema. But taking the work put in by German sailors against heavy odds—very fine work, be it noted—there is some reason to fear that the German estimate of the requirements of modern naval warfare may not be incorrect. The German sailors have certainly fought better than, theoretically, they should have done; and we shall do well to remember it.

So the German Navy may yet prove capable of providing "ready-made" officers suitable for the command of submarines and destroyers, for all that we cannot do so. Still, it may be that we have clung too closely to the old idea of a "seaman," and failed to appreciate that modern naval warfare may have changed the conditions beyond anything we yet understand. And always there recurs to me the remark of a German officer, some years ago:

"Was it not your own great Nelson who always got sea-sick?"

And, of course, that is just what Nelson did do—for all that he won the Nile and Trafalgar. To the Germans, nautical ability is merely a matter of enduring or avoiding sea-sickness. And even if it cannot be avoided, there is always "Remember Nelson!"

Consequently in the matter of men Germany's resources are quite equal to ours. Her men may not be equal in efficiency; but she will find the men right enough—man for man, if need be. Let us build no false ideals. Germany calculates that under modern naval conditions a soldier and a sailor are convertible terms. The only bar in the way is sea-sickness, and she reckons that with a strict enough discipline, sea-sickness doesn't count! Some years ago now the Germans afloat were called "Soldiers at Sea." As such they remain. In consequence, so far as the human element is concerned, their naval resources in *personnel* are without limit. And if they are right, it is well on the cards that eventually they will wear down our "seamen." At any rate, they hope to do so. It is the New Idea brought into conflict with the Old Idea born of centuries of experience. It is based on:

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

This is Germany's trump naval card. The future alone can show whether or no it is the ace of trumps. To continue the simile, I think we hold the Joker to settle that ace. But——.

When all our resources are put down on paper, calculated and appraised, this factor will ever remain as *x*—the unknown quantity. When everything is filtered down to the uttermost the residue is that we pin our faith on the trained sailorman who cannot be improvised, while Germany trusts to hordes of "Soldiers at Sea."

There, in a nutshell, the whole business lies.

BERLIN (OFFICIAL)

"It is a joyous sight to behold the surprise of our brave warriors home on leave, when their eyes, long tortured by the sight of the decadent dress and style of the women of France, once again rest on sweethearts and wives clad in our good German dress. So great is this surprise as at times to deprive them of speech"

Another article by Mr. JANE next week.

When They Come Out

THE KAISER TAKES COMMAND OF THE GERMAN FLEET

(Inset: The result of obeying His Imperial Majesty's orders)

BY LIEUTENANT E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.V.R.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

White Roses for Red

LATE in the night of that most fateful of days, the fourth of August, 1914, the Colonel of a regiment which I must not name chanced to meet his senior subaltern at the corner of St. James's Street. The Colonel, who was in uniform, stopped the car which had just brought him from Aldershot, and beckoned to the other to join him. "You're the very fellow I want to see, Mr. Ringstone. As you seem to be going my way, please come with me to Albemarle Street for a few minutes. A little private conversation—eh!" The younger man, who was in evening dress, assented. He was, however, far from being at ease. In a nervous way he asked whether war was really coming. Did the Colonel know if it was really true that Grey had done this or Asquith had said that? "D——n the politicians," was all the answer he got.

Apparently the master of the house was unexpected. It was in darkness, and the servants had gone to bed. The Colonel let himself in, and led the way to the dining-room, switching on the lights. Then he quietly closed the door and lighted a cigarette. After a breathless pause, which to the subaltern seemed to be intolerable, the older man said suddenly: "So you have been making love to my wife—eh?"

Ringstone sprang to his feet. With swimming eyes he glanced first at the man in front of him—then at the portrait of the beautiful woman over the mantelpiece, and back again to her husband. The Colonel laughed brutally, but almost the same instant the lines round his mouth hardened, and he spoke in short, angry sentences.

"She is much younger than I am, and she probably prefers *you*. Clearly, however, she cannot have both of us. So you understand, Mr. Ringstone, that one of us must clear out. Clear right out at once, you follow me—in other words, kill himself. Eh? . . . Personally, I am quite indifferent as to whether I go or you. I am ready to toss you for it or adopt any other method of immediate decision you suggest. May I ask what you propose? Well, let us toss, then. Shall I call to you or you to me? Remember it is to be "sudden death." The loser has only till midnight to-morrow. You agree to that? Excellent. And now unless you have a preference I will call to you."

Ringstone, pale to the lips, thrust fumbling fingers into a waistcoat pocket in search of a sovereign. So clumsy was his movement that a latchkey was disturbed and fell on the floor at his feet. He left it there. Then he spun the coin, caught it, and held it—his breath coming in sharp sobs. The older man smiled at him. "I shall call 'heads' if I may," he said.

Ringstone uncovered the coin, and stumbled forward. "It's 'Tails,' isn't it?" he cried excitedly. "I'm afraid not," said the Colonel. "Look again, sir. Really, I fancy it is the only toss I've ever won. It is a head right enough."

Ringstone swayed back, and sank into a chair.

At that very instant the shrill voice of a newspaper lad cleft the night air. "War with Germany."

The Colonel started. "That alters things, doesn't it? After all, the King has first claim. I cannot rob the King even of you, sir. Wait . . . let me think."

Ringstone, filled with a new hope, watched him as he paced the room. Some minutes passed in tense silence. Then the Colonel went to a table at the further end of the room, and wrote. He came back, and handed the subaltern a sheet of notepaper. "I must ask you to sign that," he demanded. "You see, it gives you a year—till August 4, 1915—at midnight. If you are not dead then——!"

Ringstone bowed his head, and signed. A clock in the hall struck twelve. The Colonel returned to the table in the recess, unlocked a drawer, and put the document inside.

At that moment the door opened. There was a rustle of silk. "Oh, you dear, naughty boy; you are here to the minute——"

The Colonel laughed. "Hullo, Clarissa. So I told you to expect me, did I? Upon my soul I had forgotten it. I've just been having a talk with Mr. Ringstone. Off you run to bed—but wait a minute. Ringstone, just pick up the latchkey I dropped and give it to my wife. It is on the floor at your feet. She will keep it safe. I always lose the silly things. And one night someone might let himself in."

. . . . . .

Ringstone went to the front like a man in a dream. Quickly in action, the fast-changing calls on courage and endurance spared little time for remembrances. But in the trenches, particularly in the long night watches, everything came back to him. Brother officers fell, and yet he who was doomed to death lived on. And of all the horrors of shell-burst and bayonet-thrust none iced his blood as that agony of the death sentence in the stillroom in Town. His late Colonel was now commanding the brigade, and once and again the two men faced one another. There was the strange meeting at ——. Ringstone's company had been almost surrounded, but led by him they had saved their guns. It was a glorious resistance, and when, after being relieved, a poor broken handful stumbled back in the dark to rest, the General himself commended them. "You have done very well, sir," he said to Ringstone. But Ringstone thought that there was a look of surprise in his eyes. It was as if he had said "You d——d fool, why did you not end it then." That look stung the man, and increasingly after that he offered to Death the fullest chances. For this he was mentioned in despatches, and got his D.S.O. Take what risks he would Death would have none of him. It was clear that his own hand must destroy him. He began to tick off the weeks that were left. It was not till the last day of the seventh remaining week that a wildly aimed shell found him when he was away from the danger zone, and brought darkness and forgetfulness.

. . . . . .

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A Reigning Favourite of Revue

Photograph *Rita Martin*

MISS VIOLET LORAINE

Who is one of the leading lights of the successful new version of "Push and Go" at the Hippodrome Theatre. She has made a great hit with the song "That Dear Old Saturday Night" in the market scene

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Ringstone who was carried home to hospital was a man without memory. Even his name was unknown to him. Covered with bandages, he lay day after day in a hushed room, heedless of all about him. His own mother was unrecognised by him. He knew nothing of any war. Had he thought of them at all he would have accepted his pain and wounds as having been his from birth.

The first new messages to his brain came from his eyes. His nurse made his first mind-picture. For several days she was little but a gracious being seen through an eddying mist. But gradually the mist lifted, and she was near him, a dear little lady with big, trustful eyes and a gentle voice. Even in those early days something told the sick man that this was for him the one woman in the world.

There was another woman who broke in upon him now and again. She was in black, and always brought red roses with her. But he did not know her, although she whispered a name to him, and bent over him and caught his hand and held it; and once when they had been alone she had laid her face next his and kissed him. His dislike of this woman of the roses grew in a sullen way, but for his nurse his eyes always brightened, and little by little he was able to make a mind-picture of her, so that he could still have her with him even when she was away. So it happened, tragically enough, that these two were slowly drawn together, glance meeting glance, and each meaning more than the other as day followed day. The past, which would have strangled Love, was pitilessly veiled behind a black bank of forgetfulness. During this time, the man's wounds were healing, and, had he but known it, memory was near to returning.

Remembrance, indeed, came with a terrible suddenness. His doctor and a consultant had examined him. As they were leaving they spoke of some impending operation of great interest. One asked the other to be present. It was to take place "the day after to-morrow, August 4."

August 4, August 4, August 4! What *was* August 4? For the rest of that morning he murmured "August 4." And then—in a blinding flash he remembered. The treacherous black bank was swept aside, and he lay alone, quailing before the horror of his position. The woman of the roses, the night in Albemarle Street, the coin cold in his hand, the pledge of death, the long struggle for death with honour amidst screaming shells and mangled men—all flooded in on him. And now living he must still die—the day after to-morrow he must die, and the dear little girl he loved must be plunged into anguish. That was the crowning horror of it all—the wicked cruelty! When later she came to see him his face was turned to the wall, and he feigned sleep. He dared not look at her.

This inevitable death must be encompassed in a gentleman's way, causing the least possible pain. Bravely and stubbornly he schemed it out in solitude. The sister of the hospital was in the country resting, but the lady who was doing her work gratefully gave permission for his nurse to spend a couple of days with his mother. "Yes—the poor girl was tired. She should go that very evening." So he braced himself up and said his "good-bye" with a smile. He had got his love away. She and his mother would be together when it happened. Poor things, they would comfort one another. . . .

On the morning of the 4th, while the strange nurse was dressing his wounds, he stealthily took from her tray a pair of surgical scissors, and hid them under his pillow. Their sharp point was to pay his debt of honour in the darkness of the night.

His next task was the writing of farewell letters to his mother and sweetheart. The latter was difficult. He wrote it with a studied cruelty (which hurt him above everything), so that his love might forget him quickly as being a worthless scoundrel. He told her that he had betrayed another man's wife, and that now that the memory of it all had come back to him he was not nearly as shocked as he ought to be. Still, he was unspeakably grateful to her for a memory of purity and gentleness which he would carry with him beyond the grave. Then he addressed the envelopes and sealed them, and scarcely had he stowed them away under the pillow when the woman of red roses swept in.

She laid her bouquet on the bed and bent over him. "Jack," she cried, "my own darling Jack, are you really better? Oh, Jack—*he's* dead. I am free now—free and all for you!"

His face became ugly with passion. He swept with his arm her flowers on to the floor. "You go," he said. "Go now—now—and never come near me again!"

She started back as if struck. "So you *are* mad after all," she whimpered as she left the room quickly, treading on her own roses.

The man lay back, breathing hard. The General was dead. The only man who could hold him to his pledge was dead. But the same instant the treacherous thought was flung from him. A pledge to the dead was even more sacred than one to the living. He would not escape that way.

"Now, what have you done to the rose lady? She has swept out like an exiled queen." It was the sister, returned from her holiday, who challenged him. "I am so glad you are better," she continued, "and see here—I have a letter which I was to hand you as soon as you were well enough. I'll turn up the light, and you can read it while I see how the others are getting on."

He read:

"I have burnt the document. I forgive you and release you. You won back your right to live at the front. I am dying. Be a man and a gentleman."

Ringstone's first emotions were of deep gratitude and relief beyond all words. Only to die down before the cruel certainty of the emptiness of the life that was left. His love was lost to him. She must know the truth, and it would strike her like a dagger thrust in the heart. Surely, after all, it would be better to end things now and pass away into the endless dream!

And while in his tortured mind he was seeking a decision, out of sheer weariness he fell asleep. He woke late the next morning to find his love standing by him with a great bunch of white roses—his old mother's white roses—in her arms.

"Dear boy," she said, bending over the flowers and whispering low, "I found your letter and read it, and this is the answer." Then she covered his face with her kisses.

GUY LYSLE

After the War

THE DOOM OF THE NOVEL AS WE KNEW IT ONCE

IF it is permissible to speculate at all about any time but the present and any subject but the war, one would like very much to know what effect this upheaval of nations is going to have upon literature. Take novels in particular. Is it possible that with the signing of peace the publishers will pour out another unending stream of books upon a disillusioned world? That they will be written with quite the same lack of humour, read with the same avidity? That Mudie's young men will hand over the counter the same incredible number of tedious tales about the doings of still more tedious people?

Heaven forbid!

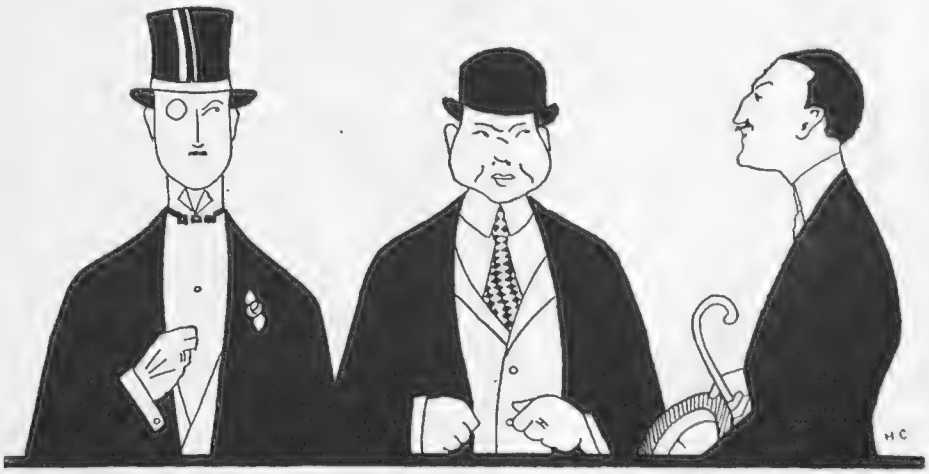
"Suffragettish by temperament, they plunged into a bold bad world determined to earn their own tooth-powder—or die"

Hundreds of people have remarked since the war that they have lost their relish for books. One is hardly surprised. We are up against reality, and the vapourings by proxy of hyper-sensitive males and aggressively independent females strike one as shockingly silly in such times as these.

You remember them? They fascinated one by their abominable cleverness. In morbid moments one saw in them a hundred likenesses to foibles and virtues of one's own. One sighed one's delight at finding *one* understanding spirit in a misunderstanding world! On healthier days one was seized with a profane desire to giggle. These people dissected their precious souls as one picks a lobster's claws — greedily, searchingly, ever so thoroughly.

The modern hero was a man whose powers of introspection were amazing. His psychological sense at the age of twenty-three would be worth Krupp's itself to the Kaiser. His powers of drifting were only equalled by his extraordinary understanding as to *why* he drifted. *You* drifted with him through countless pages, aghast at his insight into human motives and passions at such a tender age. You left him still soaring, still explaining himself and life and women on page — well, on the last page of the book. Modern Man, he inveigled you into believing, was the last word in spirituality in the middle of a very grubby world. By his side all womenfolk look on an earthiness that would have made a decent poet blush. Their rôle was played among the pots and kettles. Their sexuality was painted very thick.

(Continued on page 170)



"In the office, in the ballroom, on the stage, the men she would meet were all cads"

AFTER THE WAR (concluded from page 169)

On the other hand (it was, perhaps, the natural law of reaction) we had novels with heroines of a virility that knocked you backwards in the second paragraph. Suffragettish by temperament, they plunged into a bold bad world determined to earn their own tooth-powder—or die. When the entire case for

"An allusion of questionable discretion to a baby appeared just before those words—The End

woman's emancipation had been volubly discussed, we reached, in the fifteenth chapter, the inevitable lur-rid scene with some impossibly naughty man. Go where you liked (I mean, of course, where our heroine liked), in the office, in the ballroom, on the stage, the men she would meet were all cads. There was a deadly similarity about the characters. One felt terribly inclined to ask this astonishingly unlucky woman into one's own polite and boring circle, that she might study the more ordinary type of man, in all his dull, incorruptible charm.

—•••—

Well, as you know, this upright, fish-like soul progressed through some hundreds of weary pages until one really began to feel the mediocrity of ordinary womankind. But . . . only in the last three chapters to fall a victim to her own humanity; to fall on to the neck of some miserable creature who ate and drank and loved and lied and died like all the rest of us; and to fall into the trap set for all proper femininity—marriage and domestic bliss.

An allusion of questionable discretion to a baby appeared just before those words—The End.

—•••—

One raged at this collapse of the modern heroine, one was furious at the state of permanent inertia in which our modern hero wilted out of print. But what was the good? These people *were*, we were informed. This was realism in literature—real life as it was lived before the war.

A little weary and incredulous we returned these books to Mudie's young men, painfully conscious of the undeveloped state of our own introspective powers. We looked at ourselves and our friends and wondered. . . . These very ordinary, shy young men we met, did they really live and move in such a grievous hypersensitive condition? And these dashing, voluble, knowledgeable young women—were they really internally a prey to such indignant writhings of the soul?

We shall never know; for if these types existed once they have vanished now. War has galvanised, transformed them. The only young men that we know to-day have made the bravest show history has ever seen. While the women—they are clamouring for further contact with the bold bad world as expressed in factories for making ammunition.

—•••—

Mr. Writer, Mr. Publisher, and Mr. Mudie—you will have to revise the novel-made world. We shall never return to your vapourings. Let two facts be clearly understood, that women *are* emancipated; it is a simple matter of character. And is it not possible that the life and atmosphere of Oxford has something of the drugged intoxicating nature one experiences when in love? In neither case is one quite normal!

With these two points settled, and everyone in such a state of feverish activity there is no time to think or write; the literary air is clearer, and the novel—as we knew it—damned.

D.L.-B.

Our Apologies!

BUT THEY DO BATHE, ALL THE SAME, THE DEAR CREATURES

OFF SHRIMPING
A snapshot at Hove

FROM THE VARIETY STAGE TO THE DIVING STAGE
A revue team at Highgate Pond

Photographs *C. Holland*

BATHING FROM A BOAT
Not in the country, as might be imagined, but within three miles of Charing Cross

SUNSHINE, SAND, AND SEA
Worthing

HER MORNING DIP
An up-river study

Undeterred by the mere war, our Bathing Snapshotter has made his usual tour with the usual brilliant result

Books of the Week

MORE NEWS OF "MARIA"

The Books of To-day

It becomes increasingly difficult to know just what sort of books people really want to read to-day. The war books, of course, form a library by themselves. The novels which deal with that antediluvian world when we only quarrelled amongst ourselves in the good old British way seem, on the whole, sadly lacking in reality. It doesn't appear to matter very much whether Edwin marries Angelina in the end or not. Even if he kills her because he finds her with a rival, one's enthusiasm is hardly aroused. A new novel has to be very good to-day to meet with even a fair success. Poetry is slightly more popular than it was a year ago: it is so easy to be patriotic in verse. As to the polite essay, it is "temporarily seconded." What is left? A play or two, translations from the Russian, satires, and the all too few sprightly jokes like *Bealby*—and Maria.

Maria—

There is only one Maria. She was introduced to us some years ago by Mrs. John Lane. You probably remember her views—and her rather extraordinary methods of "climbing." The only friends worth having, according to her, were those who were not "at home" when you called on them. At the end of the book she had reached Bayswater and her daughter was married to a man who would one day be the second baronet. And now in *Maria Again* (Lane: 6*s*.) we hear more of this unique woman. We learn how she even tried to get the better of Mrs. Lane by fixing up a second book about herself with some publisher—obviously not Mr. Lane—but this ungrateful scheme luckily fell through, and so in place of the intended autobiography, which would have been the last word in dullness, for Maria has no sense of humour, we have a score of the most delightful chapters such as only Mrs. Lane can write.

—as a Patriot

It is Maria who discovers that Hamlet on the cinematograph is a far greater masterpiece than Shakespeare's dull play. There are no silly conversations on the screen, and the whole thing is over in decent time. It is, however, the war which brings out to the full Maria's nobility of mind. In common with the rest of the women of England, Maria desires to give all that she can to her country, and so, at Lady Tippett's suggestion, she joins a committee. It costs her five shillings—she is not yet great enough to be a patroness—but what is five shillings when the safety of the British Empire is at stake? And does not a modern committee stand for the perfect organisation of all energy and resources? Of course it does. Maria's patriotism is a phenomenon which could only have been adequately treated by Mrs. Lane, to whom most of us will be truly grateful for this further collection of good things.

ON THE BRINK

Portrait of J. Bull, Esq., showing him in the act of realising that he is in an extremely dangerous position after walking about blindfolded for the last year

Satires

Possibly Mr. Galsworthy's new volume, *The Little Man and Other Satires* (Heinemann: 6*s*.), will please a number of readers not very sure of what literary provender they require. It is a medley of things, of which the longest, "The Little Man," is a "whimsey" with the unusual background of an Austrian railway station. The very idea of anything unconnected with the war happening in an Austrian railway station strikes one as comic to-day, but Mr. Galsworthy's whimsey pictures a heterogenious collection of travellers, including one never-to-be-forgotten American—withspeech, who play their allotted parts more or less round the body of an infant. It is a fantastic playlet, provocative, but alluring. Of a rather different, but no less interesting, nature are the "studies of extravagance" which follow. "The Writer" has many a sly dig at the modern author. "Before going up to bed he would sit and smoke. And sometimes fancies would come to him, and sometimes none." This is a typical passage from a volume which may be taken up anywhere and enjoyed.

Egyptian Reminiscences

A particular interest attaches itself to-day to Baron de Kusel's book, *An Englishman's Recollections of Egypt* (Lane: 10*s*. 6*d*. net). The author was in Egypt from 1863-1887, important years in Egypt's history. He was present at the opening of the Suez Canal; he was the English Controller-General of Egyptian Customs, and for a short time Acting Director-General. At another time he was Acting American Consul. Playing various parts, he naturally came into contact with everybody, and his book, without in any way pretending to be a history of our latest Protectorate, contains many interesting sidelights on its development.

R. S.

The Sublime and the Ridiculous

STUDIES IN BUSINESS AND PLEASURE IN GALLIPOLI

HOW AERIAL RECONNAISSANCES ARE MADE

A view of a Turkish town somewhere in Gallipoli, taken from a French aeroplane

Photographs *Wynaham, Paris*

A SAILING-BOAT OF SORTS

Made of empty petrol tins and some odd bits of stick and canvas. It has provided the French soldiers with unlimited amusement

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

The Grand Guignol Company at the Garrick

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE official announcement of this enterprise describes it as "The Grand Guignol Company from Paris," but it seems to me there must be a misapprehension somewhere. Out of the five plays produced in the present programme two are given in English by an English company. I may be

MIRETTE AND HER TWO LOVERS AT MEAL-TIME

mistaken, but I have always understood that the Grand Guignol Company was extremely French. I am afraid, too, that the English versions of the two plays from the Grand Guignol repertoire have lost something of their native "atmosphere" in the process of adaptation. The fine art of murder in all the wide and picturesque variety of its forms is usually held in this country to be an essentially foreign attribute. The story that lacks verisimilitude in English may be quite convincing in French, because there are still many old-fashioned English people who know for a fact that foreigners are capable of every kind of wickedness. It is only the English who, by the mercy of Providence, have been shown the way to the light.

I am afraid I share the national prejudice in these matters sufficiently to prefer that artificial horrors should be presented in an alien atmosphere. Some years ago I saw in Paris the striking little play, *L'Angoisse*, and was much impressed by its "creepiness." The same play in English struck me as being a little banal. It is a sweet and simple story of wife-murder. There was the artist in his studio, working at a mass of soft plaster of Paris when his wife came in and began to nag. And everybody knows how women nag when they feel like it. (Oh, yes, they do.) The artist being a man had, of course, the patience of a saint, but even saints have their limitations. I speak from experience. Obviously the only course open to a busy man was to take his nagging wife by the neck and push her into the mass of plaster of Paris and very literally shut her up in the midst of it.

We do not see this performance taking place on the stage, though it would have added a good deal of excitement to the play if we could have been so privileged. The good news is detailed to us by a lady who has the distinct advantage of being a clairvoyant. The artist having disposed of his wife with a certain amount of culture and distinction, went abroad to enjoy a well-earned rest. His successor, who keeps a lamp on the top of a slab of dried plaster, is worried by the fact that the lamp gives an irregular light at six o'clock every evening. He cannot understand the reason; but to the clairvoyant it is patent that if your lamp on the top of a slab of plaster gives a bad light every day at a given time that there must clearly be a dead body inside the slab. I mean, it is so obvious. Indeed, she goes so far as to say that she can see it, and she appeals to the crowd to let her go home before the horrid thing is let loose upon her. All that remains to be done is done quickly. A friend of the artist chips a corner from the slab of plaster, and reveals the head of the

(*Continued on page 176*)

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MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

allow to cool, then add a few drops of lemon juice, and serve in a jug with broken ice around, or cool more quickly in a freezer.

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LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded from page 174)

CHEAP THRILLS AT POPULAR PRICES

unhappy lady; and after that no doubt the studio lamp burns with proper and dutiful regularity. The play in English, however, does not seem to have quite the Grand Guignol *cachet*.

A far less artistic form of wife-murder is *La Fugue de Madame Caramon*. (Anyone would think from the prevalence of this sort of play that there was a large demand for home hints of the kind.) This play is given in French, and is certainly more convincing. The French actor, with his wealth of gesture, gives an impression of exaggeration that is in keeping with the extravagant nature of the story. The murder in this instance was quite commonplace, especially as it arose over the merely vulgar question of money. M. Caramon was in a large way of business, but when things began to go wrong with him he wanted to apply his wife's private fortune to his business ventures. When she refused to sign the necessary documents in his office he hit her so hard that she died quite suddenly, and he hid her remains in his safe. We usually put the things we prize most in a safe. (I say this in the hope that the ladies will notice it, because a little earlier in the article I may have been held to have been uncomplimentary to the sex, and I trust that the account is now balanced.) Of course, we do not know about the murder at first. It is a great secret. All that we know is that Madame Caramon is missing, and that her husband is afraid something must have happened to her, as she has not been home for three days. In order to put the police off the scent the bereaved husband has the imprudence to call in the help of a private detective of the name of "Tom Sweet," and after that, of course, no miracle of perspicuity is too amazing for us. It is a fine, genial piece of make-believe murder, and the blood-stained corpse in the safe was a joy to behold. The flesh-creeping plays were sandwiched in between two delightful little comedies, one of them, *Mirette a ses Raisons*, being extremely light and airy; but on the whole I think the programme might have been a little stronger.

JINGLE

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TABLETS

A War Nightmare

[Brought on by reading the war news and the effusions of the military experts in the Press]

There I stood upon a Bridge-head,
To my right a *Point d'appui*,
While upon my left a Salient
Stretched for miles in front of me.

All my men were full of Moral,
Élan filled us every one,
We were there to try our best to
Enfilade a German gun.

So I took my trusty Dug-out,
And I filled my Periscope
With the latest High Explosives,
And we started full of hope.

Cutting our Communications
We approached, alas! too soon,
Swathes of Germans waiting for us
In a fortified Platoon.

"Down!" I shouted to O'Leary,
"Duck your head, you silly ass!"
For the Parapet was smothered
In Asphyxiating Gas.

"Who will follow me and Sap them?"
But the 7th Mitrailleuse
Made no answer—for the reason
There was no one to refuse.

I was Decimated badly,
And I felt that all was lost,
But I knew that the Offensive
Must be kept at any cost.

On my right I kept on Sniping,
Which was answered by the Fort
(On my left there was, as usual,
Very little to report.)

Then I sent back to Headquarters
Quite a short but sharp Barbed Wire—
"Am about fed up, am going
To strategic'lly retire."

And just then upon the Plateau
I descried to my relief
Two whole Army Corps, commanded
By Sir John himself—our Chief!

But, alas! on close inspection,
How my heart began to quail,
'Twasn't French; it was Lord Northcliffe
With to-morrow's *Daily Mail!*

W. H. B.

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But they have never improved upon the original shape, and the consequence is I am re-discovered.

Frankly I am a by-product. The great Carolina Factory has enough tobacco left over from the manufacture of its Bouquets Finos, its Perfectos, its Celestiales and its Coronas, to make me in millions.

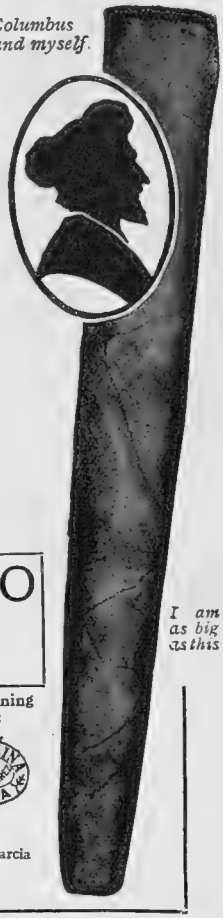
So, I am just as good a smoke, just the same tobacco, as my more expensive brothers.

But 5 like me only cost 1/6 which is the price of one of my bigger brothers, so I save you money.

Your Tobacconist will tell you all about me but not half as much as you will learn for yourself when you smoke me.

I am, yours to enjoy.

Columbus and myself.



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Motoring: A Mixed Bag

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Vagrant Tour

We are called upon for our annual touring prescription. Very well. Let it be a vagrant tour—not because financial economy demands it (although it does), but because that way lies the greatest return for the time spent. A car, a friend for society's sake, a few books and pipes and things, money, of course; and for the rest as little luggage as needs must, and no concern for time or the place where sleep will be—to go on for the days available, any way, anywhere, with happiness for guide and spur, and only appetite to mark the hours. That way is rest worth the having, and health, which is rest's expression. Often I think the motorist who has never gone on such journeyings has never remotely plumbed the deeps of his car's potentialities.

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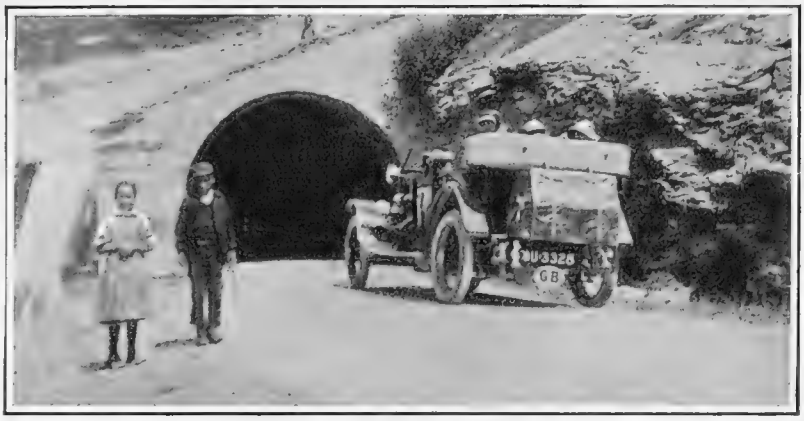
Motor Volunteers

The National Motor Volunteers increase and multiply in branches, and the branches in strength. They started as Optimists, but speedily became useful. So they changed their name. The work they do is good work—recruiting, conveying wounded, secret service—anything to be of use. The aim is a motoring army of 20,000, and they are well on the way to the total. The importance of such a great contingent of car-owner handymen, can hardly be over-estimated. A good deal of the present success of the movement is directly traceable to the enthusiasm, hard work, organising ability and advertising acumen of Acting-Lieut. Norman Wright, to whom be honour and more power.



ON THE SIMPLON

A road glacier over the tunnel on the Simplon. A snapshot during a peace-time tour with a 20 h.p. Daimler owned by Mr. R. T. Robinson, of Perth, W.A.

A Carburation Score

The proprietors of the carburettor upon which the winner of a 500-mile speed contest relied, have something to talk about. If, again, this gasmixer can add the scalps of all three "places" to the tent pole of its wigwam, then the proprietors may be pardoned for sounding the loud timbrel. And if each car represented a different type and a different nationality, and all three established tremendous speed records, then Messrs. Proprietors have just cause for the banging of many big drums. Instead of which the proprietors of the Zenith carburettor which achieved all these victories at Chicago, modestly submit that it is worthy of a special note. Most cordially I agree. The Zenith scored, I believe, the greatest win of its kind on record, and splendidly deserves all the applause we can give it.

Plug Testers

A little set of plug-testers has come along from Messrs. George King, of the Mermaid Court, which is in the Borough, S.E., as useful a little outfit as ever came my way, although in price this is no more than a shilling. Shortly, with these three bits of fine chain attached to insulated handles you can, by simply laying them on the plugs, locate the missing cylinder immediately, without need for three hands and several screw-drivers, not to mention possible profanity. Certainly recommended.

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In Compression

The British Motor-Boat Club has moved from the Motor Club into the statelier atmosphere of the Junior Conservative Club.——Professor Vivian B. Lewes, on motor fuels at the R.S.A. recently, hazarded the view that gas-coke fuel will "completely oust petrol for commercial motor vehicles" in the near future. So mote it be. Let us wait and see.—A notable little "aside" in the literature of the war has just been issued by the Swift Company. It takes the form of a Roll of Honour, which, in addition to containing the names of the men from the Swift factory who are doing the nation's work somewhere in the war area, incorporates portraits of the King, the Prince of Wales, and others who have inspired the men to go forth. An appealing scrap of paper indeed.—New literature from the Crossley Company in reference to the work of the Crossley ambulances in France and to the private cars (prices advanced 10 per cent.) now available. Literature of neatness without the affront of gaudiness, presented with interest and not a little instruction.

Away in the night with the light of day—and the secret is C. A. V. Night driving a pleasure. Send for the C. A. V. Lamp Bulb Catalogue, post free to every motorist.
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THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 609.—Vol. XLVII. Wednesday, August 4, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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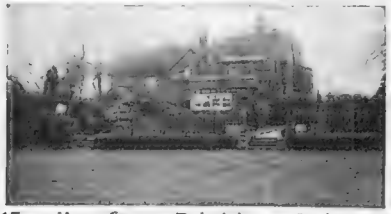

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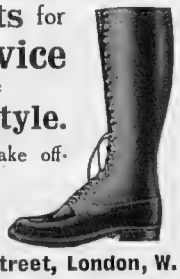

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A few of the preparations used by the world's most beautiful women:

"CYCLAX" Skin Food feeds and nourishes the skin, repairs wastage of everyday life. Lines and wrinkles disappear, while it cleanses the minutest pores, and gives the face a beautiful nourished appearance.

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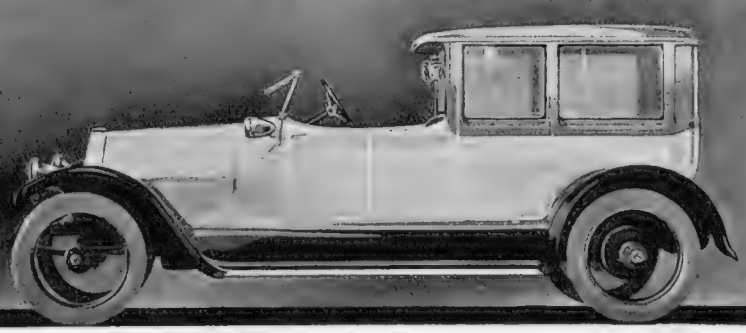

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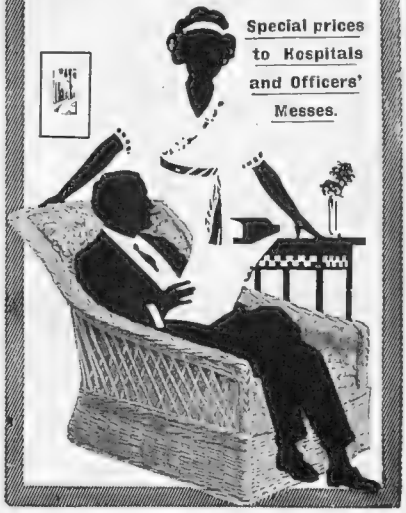

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Fashions & Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Sensible, Yet Smart, Suits for the Country

THE sales, admirable institutions as they are, have one slightly disastrous effect. They tend in many instances to render a successful style rather too familiar to suit fastidious tastes. And with due temerity I am disposed to think this holds true of the banded coat. In covert-coating, the suit with banded coat has grown, it must be admitted, pretty prevalent. And of a consequence a certain influential *coterie* are heading direct for a complete *volte face*. Simplicity, however, for the moment remains the leading characteristic, and direct from an unquestionable source comes the neat little grey covert coating costume, which forms the subject of the first sketch. This has been specially planned in view of country wear, the trimming consisting of bands of plain cloth, in a very much paler shade of grey, worked with a small zig-zag design of black braid. The grouped buttons are likewise covered with this cloth, curious little mock buttonholes being carried out in the black braid. A most distinctive touch also is imparted by the buckle, or loop, through which the cloth band of both skirt and coat pass, just prior to terminating in a mitred point.

COSTUME OF GREY COVERT COATING

Specially planned for country wear and fully described on this page by Mrs. Jack May

An Unique Complexion Opportunity

There is plenty of time yet, in fact until August 12, for all and sundry to profit by the annual sale at present being held by the world-famed complexion specialist, Mrs. Adair, at 92, New Bond Street. Many have followed in Mrs. Adair's footsteps, some merely as the mushrooms that grow in the night and as quickly disappear, but she has gone steadily on her way, with her tested and invaluable Ganesh preparations. Of the Ganesh Eastern Oil, I, together with everyone who has any sort of an opportunity for dipping deep into the various skin and complexion treatments, hold the very highest opinion. It came direct into Mrs. Adair's keeping from an Indian Fakir, and is composed of natural products only procurable in the East. It has a curious odour, slightly reminiscent of varnish, and personally I do not find it objectionable. And from this fact it will be gathered that the Eastern Oil is no ordinary daintily scented concoction, but a genuine emollient, destined to fulfil things. Well, during the sale *régime* the prices of all preparations are dropped 10 per cent., a quite appreciable reduction that should readily induce clients to lay in a store for the year. The cost of treatments are, furthermore, lowered in like proportion. And anyone who has yet to make acquaintance with Mrs. Adair's clever handling has a revelation in store. For it is the most wonderfully soothing experience, her treatment for tired eyes being extraordinarily efficacious.

Among the first to introduce the chin strap, the Ganesh model, designed by and exclusively obtainable from Mrs. Adair, has found friends far and wide, double chins and relaxed muscles alike responding to its adoption. The main point, however, for the moment is the 10 per cent. reductions, which affect every article and detail of Mrs. Adair's establishment.

Original Suggestion for a Child's Dress

No matter what fashion may come along, there is nothing that makes prettier frocks for girls, from almost any age up to twelve or fourteen, than a fine quality embroidered lawn. There has been a considerable amount of this floating about in the sales, varying enormously in quality, but invariably representing bargain value, and frequently selling as a remnant. The trouble is to find an original design. The ordinary full-skirt and lace-bedizened bodice is beneath contempt; it is anybody's achievement.

For a big girl of thirteen years a model with which I am intimately acquainted has the embroidery arranged for the bodice in the form of a little coatee

(*Continued on page x*)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page ix)

that hangs just a trifle free of the figure, over a deep waist belt of black velvet, the skirt following the lines of the example pictured. This is a sweet little frock, a length of flouncing 2¼ yards sufficing for the slightly gathered skirt, which does not naturally absorb the plain piece of lawn completing the depth. The latter is cut off and manœuvred into the quaint little sleeveless bodice, which I need scarcely say is lined—with perhaps a cheaper quality lawn—and finished with semi-fitting Magyar sleeves of the embroidery, turned back at a three-quarter length, with cuffs of the plain. To strengthen the body part rather pronounced pipings are used, while the top is cut in a charming *décolleté* to show the pretty full childish throat. The American coiffure is more *amusante* than actually attractive. At the same time, it may be commended to the consideration of mothers whose girls are possessed of faces more interesting than pretty. Children that have elements of what is subsequently known as *chic* are invariably successful with hair dressed out of the ordinary.

ORIGINAL SUGGESTION FOR A CHILD'S DRESS

In a fine quality of embroidered lawn. The accompanying description of Mrs. Dorothy Millar's design explains how it is carried out

A Treasure-House of Decorative Objects

THOSE who have enough belief in the future to buy antique and modern furniture at the present time will find a collection to fulfil almost every desire at the Fine Art Depositories at Park Street, Islington. At the present time there will be found a large number of pieces once belonging to the estates of the late Lady Dorchester, Lady Harris, Sir Patteson Nickalls, Sir George Grove, C.B., and many other very well-known personages of the past. Much of the Jacobean oakwork here is of considerable value, and as this particular style of furniture was being greatly sought for before the war, we have no doubt the present reduced prices will inspire many a collector to take his courage in both hands and add to his treasures.

There are some early carved chests undoubtedly of very good value, and an old oak refectory table, 6ft. 2in. long, which a year ago one would have gladly gone much further than the really convenient parish of Islington to see. There are many excellent pieces slightly restored and some good reproductions of this period, so that buyers of all tastes are well provided for. This holds good throughout the whole of the large galleries in Park Street, Islington, which contain the greatest possible variety of objects of art and of use for the household.

But apart from their enormous collection of modern ornaments and sets of furniture there are many especially interesting objects of an outstanding character. These include old Oriental, English, and Continental porcelains from Sèvres to Swansea, from Chelsea to Chinese, much of which is extremely moderate in price. There are many sporting and other paintings of considerable interest from the homes of many well-known families who have desired recently to realise some of their more valuable treasures. We recognised some elaborate examples of Italian inlaid furniture from the house of the late Lady Meux, and there are examples from many famous mansions, the decorations of which have been placed upon the markets of men during the last few years.

OAK JACOBEAN DRESSER, WITH DECORATED DRAWER FRONTS

An example from the collection at the Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Park Street, Islington

Economy in War-Time

People of all shades of importance, from the Prime Minister downwards, are freely urging upon everybody the necessity of effecting economy in personal expenditure by cutting off luxuries. Even in necessities there is such a thing as economy, and the professional man who wishes to provide for his wife and family would do well to study the non-profit rates for life assurance which give him the greatest amount of protection at the least cost. With income tax at its present rate, life insurance of itself is an economy. The Royal Insurance Company, Ltd., have exceptionally low non-profit rates, and have published an interesting booklet called "Protection and Profit," which may be had from either their Liverpool or London offices or any of their branches.

(Continued on page xii)

"For the duration of the War"

we must all economise. The Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have made that plain. And a form of economy which involves practically no self-sacrifice is offered by the "Achille Serre Service."

Every true woman takes pride in her personal appearance and, even in wartime, it is unthinkable that she should wear dowdy-looking clothes. With the aid of the "Achille Serre Service" it is possible to avoid this without spending money on *new* dresses. Write for Free Booklet explaining how a soiled or faded frock or costume can be made fresh and smart.

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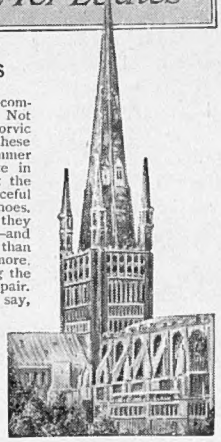

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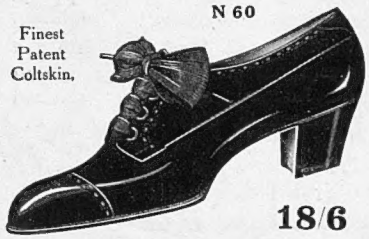

18/6

(*Continued from page x*)

A "Golden Still" Opportunity

One of the minor, but still important, results of the war has been the increased demand for Eau de Cologne, accentuated as it is by the stoppage of supplies from the usual sources. This has provided an exceptional opportunity for English perfumers to establish a reputation for British brands. As one might expect, in the forefront of these is Messrs. Grossmith's "Golden Still" Eau de Cologne, prepared by the proprietors of the celebrated Oriental perfumes, Wana-Ranee, Shem-el-Nessim, and Phul-Nana. Wonderful freshness, invigorating quality, and delightful odour, distinguish this really high-class perfume, which is recommended with the utmost confidence for use in the sick room, on account of its refreshing and soothing character. It is obtainable from all chemists and perfumers in bottles at 9*d.*, 1*s.* 3*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and upwards.

The Way to Keep Fit

In these trying times it is the duty of everyone to "keep fit." City dwellers will find no better way of doing so than by a visit to one or another of the attractive and breezy watering places on the Sussex coast or to the Isle of Wight, that beautiful garden isle endowed by nature with entrancing beauty. As a holiday ground the South Coast and the Isle of Wight are unsurpassed. They are within easy reach of London, and their natural charms are innumerable, chief among them being the breezy Downland, magnificent sea views, and grand chalk cliffs. The many historical associations dating back even as far as Roman times make the district a veritable Mecca for antiquarians and historians. The train service is good, and although just now "ordinary fares" are the order of the day they are so moderate that the difference between them and the "cheap" fares is of small moment.

ANOTHER GERMAN DEFEAT

A bottle of English Eau de Cologne as prepared by Messrs. Grossmith, the well-known perfumers, of Newgate Street, E.C.

Persian—Not German

In the desire to avoid purchasing any article that has the slightest appearance of German origin or manufacture the public are apt to conclude that unless the commodity they feel inclined to buy has a thoroughly English name it must necessarily come from Germany. This prejudice has even occasionally affected an article like "Ronuk" Floor Polish, which is English from top to bottom, and it may be interesting to explain the derivation and meaning of the word "Ronuk." When this famous polish was first invented the owners were anxious to get a thoroughly unique name for it, and they offered a prize of £5 to anyone who would submit an appropriate title. An old retired army officer, who had been much in the East, suggested "Ronuk," which is derived from a Persian word meaning beauty, splendour. The owners were much struck with the peculiarity of the word, and the officer was awarded the prize. So our readers can see there is not the shadow of a shade of connection with Germany.

For the Wounded

From the beginning of the present month all the beds at the Royal Chest Hospital have been occupied by sick and wounded soldiers. Gifts of clothing, tobacco, provisions, fruit, vegetables, games, magazines, books, and papers for the soldiers will be welcomed by the Secretary, Royal Chest Hospital, City Road, E.C.

The Menu: Some Fish Dishes

Fillets of Sole à la Reine

Fillet two good-sized soles, and steam them for twenty minutes. Take out and remove the dark skin. Fold each fillet, and keep hot in the oven. For the sauce use 2 oz. of butter and one dessert-spoonful (heaped) of flour mixed together to a smooth paste and one teacupful of milk. Add 2 oz. of grated cheese, boil up again, simmer for a few minutes, when the sauce will be ready. Pour over and round the fish. Large soles can be bought just now for 1*s.* 8*d.* per lb.

Casserole of Fish

Put rather more than a pint of milk into a saucepan with an onion stuck with two cloves, a little mace, a few pieces of parsley, a few thin strips of lemon-peel, and salt and white pepper to season. When the milk has boiled draw the pan to the side of the stove, and let the sauce simmer for twenty minutes. Thicken it carefully, which is done by pouring off the sauce into a basin, and put into the saucepan 2 oz. of butter. When melted, stir into it 2 oz. of flour (this is called a white roux), now add gradually the pint of hot milk, and stir quickly until the sauce is quite thick, but on no account let it get lumpy. Take all the skin from a piece of cod, weighing about 2½ lb., put it in a casserole, and pour the prepared sauce over it, cover it with buttered paper, and cook in a moderately hot oven for about forty minutes. When done, take out the onion and lemon-peel, add a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar or lemon-juice, and serve the fish in the casserole either garnished with parsley or shrimps. The latter are a great improvement to the flavour of the sauce.

Fish and Tomato Pie

Take any remains of cooked fish, either boiled or fried; flake it and remove skin and bone, and mix it with some white sauce. Butter a pie-dish, place a layer of the fish in it, next a layer of breadcrumbs, then a layer of tomato cut into slices, and, if liked, a very little finely chopped onion; then more breadcrumbs, fish, etc., until the dish is full. The top layer should be of breadcrumbs, and on this place some pieces of butter. Bake until of a golden brown.

Fresh Haddock aux Fines Herbes

Butter the bottom and sides of a casserole-dish, put into it some fillets of fresh haddock, with a sufficient quantity—according to the number of the fillets—of chopped parsley, thyme, tarragon, and shallot, very finely chopped; moisten them with a small quantity of white wine, and put them in the oven. When the fillets are about half cooked, turn them, and when they are quite done thicken the sauce with a little butter and flour, and seasoning to taste. Serve in the casserole-dish, and add a squeeze of lemon.

Fish Soufflé

Remove the bones and skin from a lemon sole, weigh ½ lb. of the fish, and either pass it through a mincing-machine or rub it through a sieve. Put 1 oz. of butter into a saucepan and mix it well with 2 oz. of flour, then stir in gradually rather less than half a pint of hot milk. Stir quickly until the sauce is smooth and thick; let it simmer for five minutes, then add two beaten eggs, and strain into a basin. Add the fish to the sauce, season the mixture with salt and pepper. Butter a small soufflé mould, and nearly fill it with the prepared fish; cover with buttered paper, and steam very gently for fifty minutes. Serve the soufflé in the mould with a little chopped parsley sprinkled over the top.

Bloater Fillets

Skin two large bloaters, split them down the back, remove the fillets from the bones, place on a gridiron over or before the fire (or if gas is used under the deflector), and broil until nearly tender, dip them first in oiled butter, and then in grated Parmesan cheese. Have ready some neatly cut slices of hot buttered toast, place a fillet on each, sprinkle with a few fried breadcrumbs, and put in a very hot oven for a few minutes. This is a very nice savoury.

EMILIA